

Halo: A New Kind of War, A New Kind of Spartan

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Summary: \*Chapter 2 is now up!\* The Captain of the UNSC Free Spirit talks to the ONI doctor on board his ship about the importance of their current mission. Please Favorite/follow/or comment if you enjoyed it. :) and chapter 3 is on the way!

## 1. Hope lost

The words "We need a hero," were on an endless replay in Private James' head.

They were the final words his commanding officer said before a set of needler bolts struck his chest and exploded, tearing the officer's torso in half. The covenant had invaded James home planet. He couldn't begin to understand why. He didn't understand why they attacked with merciless force. He didn't understand why they killed millions of people, scorched his home, and annihilated his platoon. He didn't understand why they couldn't stop them, or if the Covenant could even be. At first he wanted to charge into battle. Head on into their ugly alien lines. Side by side with his fellow marines, guns ablaze with hope and pride carrying them forward into battle to defeat the covenant. He and what was left of his forces were in full retreat when a plasma grenade detonated nearby.

Now he found himself on his back in the rubble covered street of a city he once knew. The planet's sun, blocked out by the clouds of smoke in the Covenant's wake of destruction, was James' last ray of hope to look to. He now felt abandoned—abandoned by the UNSC. The army he swore to. The army he fought for. He first requested ammo and supplies to be brought to his squad. He then requested reinforcements, and then EVAC. The only request he received a response to was reinforcements. But no one ever arrived. He cursed, believing this is the end, the end of his home—and his war. He listened to the sound of plasma weapons and small arms fire echoing all around him. The fight was still raging, but he knew his was at his end. As his eyes begin to shut, a tall dark figure entered his sight. His eyes widened as he realized what it was. One of the

covenant's strongest warriors, an Elite. Its muscled figure stood in shimmering blue armor and wielded an ignited plasma rifle. The split jawed alien stared down into the eyes of its prey as James stared into the eyes of his ender. The alien clatters its jaw in a way that James took as a chuckle as it leveled its weapon at his head.

"This is itâ€¦" James thought to himself, "this is where I die and everything is turned to glass. This is the end of the line and there's nothing I can doâ€¦ but where's my hero? Where is the person who is to sweep in and rescue me? To save us? Heroes don't exist anymore; they were simply myths that we created so we could still have hope. Wellâ€¦ where is that hope nowâ€¦"

Suddenly, all the sounds of battle were drowned out by the sound of powerful rotors from above. As the Elite directed its attention to the sky, a blinding light from above shined down on them. James attempted to see what had appeared above him, but the light forced him to shield his narrowed eyes. The Elite gave one last battle cry just before a hail of bullets rained down and tore it apart. James watched the Elite's bullet punctured body drop to the ground in front of him. The light from above aimed elsewhere, giving James a chance to see just who it was that saved him. He saw a figure standing on the railing of an UNSC falcon, hanging on to the fuselage with one hand and a smoking barreled assault rifle in the other. The figure was clad in heavy military green armor. It appeared almost more machine than human. As the unknown figure leaped down from above, James finally realizedâ€¦

His hero had arrivedâ€¦ his hero, a Spartan.

## 2. The Candidate

\*\*0800 hours, May 20, 2545 (Military Calendar) /\*\*

\*\*UNSC Frigate Free Spirit en route to Paris VI, Paris System\*\*

Dr. Vincent Warren sat at his temporary desk onboard the UNSC Free Spirit. The main light source which illuminated his small living quarters was his hollow computer in front of him. It gave off a soft blue florescent glow along the room's walls. Warren had spent the last unknown amount of hours in cryo sleep during the Free Spirit's long journey through slipspace. After his long 'nap' he immediately got dressed and headed for his living quarters, and more importantly his computer.

Warren was a mildly respected Office of Naval Intelligence scientist in the UNSC military. He's spent most of his time on remote outer colonies, studying and researching human genetics and bio enhancements. Being an ONI officer, there weren't many who out rank him, except for other officers that come directly from ONI and other high ranking naval officers. Throughout his carrier he's been given orders directly from ONI executives and at one point section 3.

But all that was in the past now, nothing but memories that he'd rather forget for the simple fact that they were unimportant to his current mission. His mission. Yes, now he was on his own mission. His own directives. Almost nothing could stand in his way for what he now aimed for. What he truly felt he needed to accomplish.

The door to 's quarters swished open. A tall dark skinned man entered the room, medium build, captain's hat in hand and a good number of medals pinned to his gray uniform. Warren spun around in his chair to greet the ship's Captain and long time friend.

"Samuel! How jolly good it is to see you old friend!" Warren said in the worst English accent Dante believed he's ever heard.

Dante gave his routine salute just before Warren came in for a hug. "Good to see you again tooâ€¦ I guess."

Warren stepped back and frowned. "You guess?" Warren now spoke in his normal American accent, "well you sure know how to make me feel welcome..."

"Of course you're welcome onboard my ship. All you have to do is invite yourself, I pick you up and you point to where you want to go." Dante turned on the lights in the room and ran his hand through his slick hair, which was slowly becoming more gray than black, "this isn't the first time you've had me be your chauffeur around the galaxy."

"You know if it upsets youâ€¦"

"I don't mind it. You're my friend, oldest friend. It just bothers me that the list of locations this ship has taxied you to is longer than the number of battles she's been in."

Warren stayed quiet for a moment to appear that Dante's words got through to him. They did, he just wanted Dante to know they did.

"I hear what you're saying. Which makes senseâ€¦" Warren said as he rubbed his chin meticulously.

Dante looks at him with a glare, he knew Warren is about to say something asinine which would probably end up pissing him off.

"You want to go into battle against the Covenant no? You know their ships have superior firepower and armor than even UNSC's Capitol vessels. With this vessel... Which only has twelve main guns, four missile systems and armor plating so '\_thick\_' that a small drifting asteroid can breach through it if hits the right way..."

"It's not always about firepower." Dante countered. "Tactics play aâ€¦"

Warren rudely cut off Dante and continued, "Well I could leave and let you be on your way to another battle you'll be forced to retreat from. In fact, I can give you a list of expected covenant arrivals on outer colonies, just so you could be the first in the fight." Warren shrugged and shuffled some papers to appear like he was packing up to go somewhere. "By the end of the war, IF it ever endsâ€¦ You'll at least have a list of all the battles you've lost. A list of all of the lives you didn't saveâ€¦"

Dante gritted his teeth but quickly regained his composure. Warren was anyone but his friend right now. He didn't care if he was an ONI exec. He would have knocked their head off. But since it was Vincent who said that, he listened to his words. Yes what he said was insulting to him and his ship. But he definitely had a point. Dante

also felt something behind his words. They weren't just to upset him; Warren had a point he wanted to make. So Dante had to ask

"What do you have us traveling to Paris Four for?"

Once the question was asked, Warren gained the biggest cheeky smile on his face. Dante can only think, "What could it possibly be?"

"Let me show you," Dr. Warren said as he transitioned back to his chair. Dante walked over and stood behind him so he could get a view of the screen as well.

Warren began going through numerous files and folders that he uploaded to this computer on the ship. He had also taken the precautions of firewalls and blocks to make sure no outsiders could intrude on his work. Dante wasn't a tech wiz, but he can tell that there's something different about this computer since the good doctor took it.

"Wait, did you disconnect this computer from the ships network?" he asked.

"Yes." Warren answered it full confidence.

"How did you do that? The main system would have noticed and!"

"All I did was made a copy of this system's IP address; security bypass and recognition code, and then moved it to the ships electronics grid so it would appear as though nothing has changed while I view my files. MUCH better than that outdated data I have."

"..."

"I'm a scientist from ONI. You expected less?"

Dante shook his head, dumbfounded by his friend and let him do what he does. He didn't even want to think how many rules Warren just broke under normal protocol. But normal protocol was never what ONI followed.

Warren suddenly stopped typing and held his hands still, pointing at a black colored folder on screen.

"I forgot to ask but Are there any listening devices in this room?" He suddenly asked.

"No," Dante responded slightly confused. "Isn't that something you would've checked yourself?"

"I did. But I was never really good at finding listening devices. Did you like the door?"

"No, "

"Do you swear keep this information between us?"

"Are you asking me these questions just for the sake of asking me?"

he asked with as a glare began to form.

"Not even your mother."

"Show me the damn files!"

Warren gave Dante a blank stare then joyfully said, "Ok!" and he tapped the folder on the holo screen.

The folder opened up and pouring out of it was hundreds of smaller individual screens of written files, pictures, videos, designs and formulas. As the files loaded themselves, Warren began explaining to Dante.

"This war has been going on with the Covenant for 20 years now. No end in sight. And we're losingâ€¦ the Covenant have more soldiers, more ships, and more moral than the UNSC, no doubting that. On the ground, even if our troops are able to fight them off, the covenant simply glass the planet from space. In space, our ships have to outnumber theirs three to one if we want to win a battle and STILL have ships left to tell the story. We've lost billions of men and women who gave their lives fighting. Knowing that they wouldn't winâ€¦ But they knew they would kill as many aliens as they could before death. With the billions lost, there have been thousands of heroes. Heroes who are now gone, who go unknown for their valiant victories. But for the courage they showed in the face of an unstoppable force. We don't need more heroes to die in this losing fight for the survival of humanity. We need just ONE hero. Thee hero. The one to finish this fightâ€¦ the one to save us all."

Dante quietly thought to himself, he knew how futile the war against the Covenant seemed. He has requested in the past for a bigger ship with more fire power. With the hope that it would help him get an edge in whatever space battle he'd find himself in. But he's fought the covenant multiple times. He's seen capital ships and super carriers obliterated by covenant ships half their size. Warren is right. They did need a hero.

"As much as I'd like to agree with youâ€¦" Dante tightened his grip on his hat. "What you are saying is ridiculous. What you are saying is something that can only exist in fairy tale." Maybe fairy tales we're all they could hope for at this point he thought.

Warren grinned as the files finished loading up. He proceeded to move some sheets around and close the 'unimportant' stuff. Finally he brought up a picture and blows it up on screen. The picture looked special, like a portrait in many ways. It showed the face of a young woman with flawless lightly tanned skin. She had dark brunette hair which went down past her shoulders; a pair of bangs slightly covered her deep blue eyes which stared at them. Sharp and focused. Her naturally thin eyebrows curved attractively over her eyes, angled slightly from her sharp expression, giving a look of strength. Her jaw-line and cheek bones are slightly angular but still softly rounded, proving she's not a young girl but not yet a grown women. Her nose sat perfectly on her face just above her smooth pink lips.

Warren sat back in his chair and folded his arms. He looked satisfied with himself and waited to hear Dante's reaction.

"She's quite a looker." Captain Dante uttered.

"Yeahâ€¦ I know. She's 16 years old in that picture." Dr. Warren mentioned.

Dante was taken aback from what Warren had stated and looked at him, "Wait, waitâ€¦ so how old is she now?" He shook his head and planted a firm hand on Warren's shoulder. "Seriously thoughâ€¦ what is this about?"

Warren chuckled a little at his friend's moment of unprofessionalism and sat up in his chair. He then began to pull up other files of information on screen. As he does, he gave Captain Dante a brief rundown of what he knew about her and finally explains what this was all about.

"Her name is Ariel Silavera. Born on Earth, January 17th, 2525. Family moved to colony Paris IV in 2526. All of her closely related relatives are all deceased. No other relatives. She graduated from the Harold de La Grand High School at the age of 16. She is now 20 and in college general study. Plans on transferring to police academy next semester. She has trained in two styles of martial arts. Jeet Kune Do and Krav maga."

"Holyâ€¦"

"I'm not done yet."

"You rarely ever areâ€¦" Dante grinned.

Warren smirked back and went on. "She's rumored to have an IQ above 160 but records show to be 145. She's been offered nearly every school scholarship you can think of that deals with physical activity, yet has not accepted any them. She also holds the current record of accuracy and overall skill at her local police shooting range." Dr. Warren then pulled up a video to the forward screen and began playing it.

"What's this? Grav ball?" Dante asked and gestured to the recording.

"No, but close. It's dodge ball."

"Dodge ball?" he asked as he clearly never heard of it.

"In civilian terms, two teams of players on two sides of a line have to hurl dodge balls at opposing players. The balls start off on the middle line. You're out if you get hit. Once your hit you sit out. Once one team is eliminated the game ends. If a player from one team wants to get their players back in the game, they have to hit a goal on the far side of the enemy court. It's as simple as that."

The video looked to be recorded by someone on the sidelines with a handheld camera. They see the two sides of 7th graders form up along the back walls on either side of the room. Captain Dante recognized Ariel on the team on the left, quite easily as she was one of the only girls on her team.

"On your mark!" was heard from somewhere in the video, probably from a gym instructor. All the kids lowered into positions awaiting the go

ahead. Ariel took an aerodynamic stance like an Olympic athlete amongst the other kids, her eyes narrowed, focused on her target.

The whistle blew! Ariel charged out from the pack. Dante can almost not believe what he saw; he swore she moved five steps before the other kids got to their second. As Ariel charged to the center line, the leading kids on the opposing force stopped in fear and quickly ran backwards once they saw the seriousness in Ariel's eyes.

Ariel at the line stops and casually started to walk up in down the line. She kicked the dodge balls over to her team mates one at a time. Once most of the members of her team received a ball, she walked to the front of her team and faced the unarmed enemy. She had a smug grin on her face as she raised her hand in the air like a cavalry general. She then swung her arm down and shouted "Attack!" Her team charged at the enemy and began unleashing their dodge balls. Immediately, many kids were struck out of the game and Ariel's team had the clear upper hand. But once the enemy team's more athletic players stepped up to retaliate, her team started to drop like flies.

Throughout the game Ariel took a position of support. Whenever she grabbed a stray ball or caught one thrown by the enemy she would hand it to one of her teammates. She would also act as a distraction so her team mates could get an easy hit.

She also showed that she didn't have to worry about getting hit either. Her reflexes, agility and flexibility were more than impressive for anyone her age. She seemed to effortlessly dance around the incoming fire from the enemy.

The last few minutes of the video approached. All that was left of Ariel's team was herself and a young boy. They stood side by side in the back of their field. The enemy team had at least ten more kids on them, along with most of the dodge balls. Between the two of them, they only had three. Ariel whispered in the boy's ear a moment ago. She now began to walk towards the center field, a dodge ball held in each hand. She seemed clearly beat, but she did a damn good job of hiding despite her sweat drenched shirt and sluggish walk.

At the half way point on her side of the field, she stopped and suddenly collapsed onto one knee. Her head slowly tilted downward and her eyes closed shut. The opposing players cautiously moved up to the halfway line and prepared to finish her off. Suddenly, a yell from the back of the room caught their attention. It was Ariel's last team mate. He charged forward towards the line from the back and successfully drew their attention away from Ariel. A dodge ball is sent directly for her last team mate's face, but he did not flinch. Just before the ball collided with him, Ariel appeared in front and deflected the ball away with one of her own.

The surprised kid's began to throw everything they had widely at the team of two. Ariel and the boy charged ahead together. The boy brought his arm back as far as he could as Ariel tried her best to deflect the incoming dodge balls. The boy stopped several feet from the middle line with his arm still swung back. Ariel yelled a heartfelt battle cry as she charged up to the line and hurled a ball at the nearest kid. Direct hit! She then raises her other arm in the air and took aim at the enemy's goal. But before she could toss it,

she is hit in the chest by an enemy ball.

Her ball dropped from her hand and fell lifelessly to the floor. She started falling to her knees, but before they connected with the floor two more dodge balls impacted her and sent her in a slow fall backwards. The enemy team was just about to jump with victorious joy when they noticed a high flying dodge ball soaring across their field. The boy stood with no ball in hand and crossed his his fingers as the ball headed for the target. The ball connected and a bell began to ring. The gym instructor yells "Jail break!" and Ariel's entire team sprung off of the benches cheering! Ariel herself hand springs back up to her feet and grabs the nearest dodge ball she could find and charged in to finish the fight.

Dante clapped his hands, "I have to admit... Even for a children's game. That was inspiring."

Dr. Warren sat back and clasped his hands together, "Do you know of the immensely secret ONI military project known as the Spartans?"

"Only what you've told me. They are an 'immensely kept secret'." Dante said, overflowing with sarcasm. He continued with more seriousness. "Didn't you tell me about some complicated formula ONI used some years back? That dealt with them right?"

"Yeahâ€¦ it was a protein complex that was used increase muscle density and speed up lactase recovery time."

"Why is that so secret?"

"It doesn't work on everyoneâ€¦" Warren answered. His voice was in a much flatter tone. He lowered his head as he thought about about the lives the injections didn't enhance.

"Inhumane is what it was!" Warren snapped. "In fact that's what you may call a Spartan. If you saw one on the field you'd think they weren't even human a human being. Closer to being gods of war than a mere soldier."

"Waitâ€¦ Are your plans to try and turn this girl into a Spartan?" Dante suspected as the pieces came together.

"â€¦"

"And you're going to use the same drugs as you did with the other Spartans!?" Dante couldn't keep his composure now. "You just said they don't work on everyone. This is a civilian girl's life you want to play with here!"

"Calm down now. I know what it sounds like, but you need not worry."

"How the hell can you say that?"

"It is not as dangerous as I made it out to be..." Warren lied.

"How the HELL can you say THAT?" Dante wasn't nearly convinced.

"I'm only going to ask her to do it. She's grown now. I'll let her



make her own decisions."

Dante glared at the doctor, he wasn't sure if he could trust his friend's words. Right now Warren seemed more like any other operative of ONI than his old friend. Warren looked at Dante with a confident smile, as he tried to reassure his friend. Suddenly, a voice washed through the ship over the announcement speakers.

"Captain Dante, please report to the bridge. We are now in orbit around Paris IV. Repeat; we have arrived."

Dr. Warren stood up from his chair and stretched his arms out.

"Wellâ€¦ I believe it's time. Get my bodyguards ready and I request a squad of your marinesâ€¦ please." He requested.

"Noâ€¦" Dante answered and put on his Captain's hat.

"What? You can't say no to-"

"It was a joke." Captain Dante turned and walked for the door.

"It's hard to tell with how serious you are all the timeâ€¦" Warren mumbled as he grabbed his data pad and followed the Captain.

\*\*1300 hours May 20, 2545 (Military Calendar)\*\*

\*\*Paris IV en route to class\*\*

End  
file.